

Not your everyday spook

by Tervos

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Summary: Strange stuff starts to happen, shortly after Judy moved in. I ain't telling you more. May contain traces of horror, and shipping. Author looking for criticism, too.

1. Chapter 1

It was a pretty nice morning all over down-town Zootopia.

Birds were singing, flowers were blooming, and leaves could be heard rustling in a light breeze. On days like these, the sky was always pretty clear. There even was a bit of dawn fog this time, too.

Only a few cars could be heard outside. Weekend mornings were usually pretty calm on this part of the city.

A slice of sunlight went through the room's blinds, and touched the bunny's closed eyes.

That was just enough for her to let out a small yawn, as she stretched her arms up. Or rather, as she tried to; There was something that was restraining her. A weight that was burdening her to the bed.

It took her a small instant, but then she remembered.

"Nick, get your paws off of me."

No answer.

She had an excuse, though. Getting used to this kind of big change usually takes a while.

"I'm supposed to be on-duty this afternoon."

"You have the right to remain silent, miss Hopps." said a raspy

morning voice behind her.

This made Judy smile a bit.

"Sly fox."

"Come to think of it, that doesn't stop you from being a sly bunny, does it ?"

That was a pretty nice opportunity she took. No more loud neighbours, shoddy floor, franken-wall, pretty poor thermal insulation, and specifically no more loneliness.

Actually, she could easily deal with that last one. Judy's a fairly optimistic person.

>But we're talking about the other kind of loneliness here. The one you feel when you're kind of head over heels after someone else, and that someone else's not with you.
Just thinking about it makes it rather cute, doesn't it ?

Judy was sitting on the side of the bed, resuming that stretch she didn't have the opportunity to finish.

But there was just one thing. One thing it could have been a 10 out of 10 without.

"Nicholas, get over here and move your socks upstairs pronto!"

A faint _slap_ was heard across the room; That was Judy facepalming, her head tilted down with one of her arms still raised. Behind her, Nick let out a muffled sigh after he buried his face into his pillow.

They perhaps should have gotten a new house, or even a flat for themselves alone. This would have made things a bit more difficult to manage, but that would have been better, long-term wise.

The fox rolled on his back.

"I don't wear socks, mom."

"Then what are those, Nicholas ?!"

"I'm coming."

Nick's mother used to be a pretty sweet person - When he was still a kit.

>Caring and affectionate, all while remaining reasonable. She was everything a little fox could hope for when it came to moms, really.
She changed a lot after his father passed away, though. Truly, stuff slowly started going downhill from here.

>But Nick understood her reaction better and better over the years.
Losing someone you cared about - Specifically when everything is doing good, and this kind of thing is the last of your expectations.

>Not everyone could handle that pain.<p>

He tried to do a lot to help her with that, and he still tries to. That's even partly why he decided to stay here, but that wasn't always an ea-

"Nicholas, I thought you were coming downstairs to help me figure out what those were ?!"

"I am, mom.", he replied whilst he was on one leg, hastily trying to put on his beige pants.

Judy took a glance at him.

"That's too bad."

"What's it, carrots ?"

"I preferred you without them."

"Now that's just fan service."

The fox opened the bedroom's door, and headed downstairs.

squeak

Right. It was one of those wooden, noisy staircases with extra-small steps. The second one from the top was particularly creaky.

"I'm here, mom."

She was cleaning the living room's table with a dust wand at hand.

"I heard that. And where's your friend Judy, Nicholas ?"

"Still getting ready, upstairs." he said while pointing his thumb behind him.

"I've put the socks on the couch here. Tell me whose are they."

Nick took a glance at the chair's armrest.

They were black socks, with a few white stripes on them. Nothing really special.

"I don't see who could these belong to, mom. I don't think Judy wears any, either."

squeak

Their heads turned towards the staircase.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wilde." happily said the bunny, coming down from the first floor. She was a morning person.

"Hello, Judy. Did you sleep well tonight ?"

"Yes, the mattress is pretty comfortable, Mrs. Wilde. Thanks."

"I'm glad to hear this, Judy."

Nick's mother got back to table-dusting.

"What were you talking about ?"

"A case that's about a sock ghost."

"That might help with your training, who knows ?" smiled Judy.
"Speaking of which, I'm going to the police station in just a few."

"I have to nip out and grab some groceries, carrots. Why not let me get you there ?"

A hard day of work. That's something you can only accomplish if you're taking your job seriously, no matter how vigorously you try.

>Judy didn't get so far with the ZPD simply out of luck, that's for sure. She was determined.<p>

That was also preventing her from falling into that famous "My job's always the same" cycle. She took every single case as unique, even for the smallest ones.

One of the best things about working hard though, is the feeling you get when you're finally done.

>The part where you get home, take a steamy shower, have a taste of Nick's mother five-star dishes, and eventually go to bed. With Nick. And not only because there's no second bed upstairs.<p>

Oh boy.

>Kiss, cuddle, smooch. Repeat and rinse.<p>

"I heard you say I made up for a 'pretty comfortable' mattress this morning, isn't that right ?"

"You're such a tease, Nick."

Not a noise was to be heard in the house, even or outside. The whole city bloc was already sleeping by that hour. The lights were all off, the door was closed, and it was pretty warm, too. Not to mention that both foxes and rabbits are warm-blooded - It was kind of a mutual help.

"That's the whole point, carrots. My ribcage hurts like hell now, though."

Judy slid her hand over the fox's furry chest.

"I think I can fix th-"

Squeak.

"Oh, that is just blatantly perfect."

"I thought your mother was supposed to be asleep ?"

Nick took a glance at the alarm clock.

"Yes, she is."

"Then what was that ?"

"That's just the sound the staircase makes. Don't you recognise it ?"

"It's just that it startled me a bit. I'm still not really used to this house."

"Don't worry about it, bunhun. Now, where were w-"

SQUEAK.

"Again ? Come on now."

"This one kind of sounded heavy."

The fox stuck it's arm out of the bed, switched the bedside lamp on, and dragged the cover aside.

"Nick, what are you doing ?"

"I'll go take a look. If you see a monster, just scream, alright ?"

2. Chapter 2

The fox left the room, and half-closed the door behind him.

He disappeared into the house's darkness, first turning into a silhouette, then vanishing.

And Judy was just left here, alone and with the bedside lamp as only light source, while Nick's footsteps on the creaky floor were slowly getting away.

That kind of felt like these moments as a kid.

>These moments when you were naive enough to think simple bed sheets could protect you from sharp-clawed, and blood thirsty demons.<p>

The footsteps suddenly stopped.

In hopes of perceiving something, the bunny froze her body and stared at the dark spot, between the half-open door and the wall.

>But the only thing she could hear was her own breath getting shakier and shakier, as well as her little pounding heart.<p>

Judy gasped out of surprise.

>Did she just see the door open a bit ? Did she just something move in that black space ?<p>

"...Nick ?"

No answer.

The bunny grabbed the tip of the bed cover with both of her hands, and raised it just above her nose.

"Nick, is that you ?"

scratch...

_scratch... _

scratch...

Judy's breath stopped in shock.

There was someone - or something - inside the very room, making that noise against the floor. But she couldn't see anything.

>It kept getting closer, and even closer, sounding more malicious and vile each time.<p>

scratch scratch scratch

Then, it stopped right next to the bed.

Judy turned her head.

She found herself face to face with a huge abomination, rising from the floor, just a few inches from her face.

She filled her lungs with air, preparing to let out a huge scream - But it was too late; A paw was already covering her mouth, preventing her from saying the smallest word.

>That was it. It ended here.<p>

"Judy, keep it down ! You don't want to wake my mother up, do you ?" whispered Nick.

The fox took his paw off the bunny's face.

She was giving the fox a blank stare. It once more took her a few seconds to realize.

>Then, her sweaty face started turning red, with steam coming out of her ears.<p>

"Are you alright, Ju-"

And then she slapped him in the face.

"Ouch... That definitely woke my mother up." said the now-former sly fox, rubbing his cheek with his hand.

"Never scare me like that again, Nick !"

"I... I think my cheek's broken."

"Did you find anything ?"

"No, nothing." said the fox. "I told you, the house's starting to get a bit old, that's all."

squeak.

Their looks stared right through the dark space.

>A white figure was standing just a few feet away from the door, highlighted from the dim background.<p>

"Nick, what ****is**** that ?"

"...Mom ? Is everything alright ?"

"Finally." said a deep voice, resonating amongst the walls. "I was tired of just being gone. Not here, nowhere."

3. Chapter 3

"Wait, I-"

"Nicholas, are you there ?" pursued the low-pitched tone.

The bunny and the fox were both staring at the wobbly shape standing right behind the door, it's reflection visible in their eyes.

"Nick, how does that thing know your name ?"

Then, the fox's voice became faint. Not terrorized, horrified, or even scared at all, but just faint. His ears were all pointed up and tense.

"I know that voice. I'm sure of it." said Nick as he was still knelt next to the bed, Judy's paw on his.

"Where do you know it from ?"

She was whispering as if she didn't want the blurry figure to hear them.

>But it was here, facing the two of them. Staring back with it's blank expression.<p>

A door opened on the side of the floor's hall. Surprise.

>Nick's mother crossed the doorway, still wearing her nightdress. It had tiny croissant moons on it, how cool.<p>

"What's with all this noise, Nicholas ? I'm trying to sl-"

"Mrs. Wilde, behind you ! Turn around !"

"What is it ?! Are we being burgled ?!"

She turned her feet and switched on the lights. She stared down the staircase for a few seconds.

"I don't see anything."

Judy didn't even know what words to use at this point.

"But it was right there !" said the bunny in a dismayed voice, pointing her finger.

"What was right there, Judy ?"

"I don't know, It was all shaky and, and-"

"Sorry about this, mom. We won't wake you up again."

Nick's mother slightly tilted her head back in surprise, and gave them a confused look for a second or two. And then she switched the lights off.

"You two have a good night together." said as she walked back to her bedroom. "What's left of it, anyway." she mumbled.

Her door closed.

"Nick, what did you do that for ?"

The fox was giving the floor an empty look, his paw still under Judy's.

>I don't like it when it gets too serious, but Nick looked pretty sad.<p>

"That's something I don't think I can explain. I'm sorry."

"...What do you mean ?"

"I know that voice from somewhere. It seemed too familiar."

The bunny put her second paw on Nick's hand.

"Cheer up, Nick. It sounded impressive, but I don't think it wanted to hurt us."

The fox raised his look at Judy.

"It didn't."

His eyes looked like they were just about to leak a tear.

"Nick, start off by putting your smile back on that face." said the bunny, while making some room on the bed for Nick. "It's pretty symbolic."

No answer.

"Nick, don't be like that, please. This makes me even more sadder than you already are."

"More sadder. I don't think you've pulled this one off with me yet, did you ?"

A grin appeared on the fox's face. And then Judy realized, letting out a small sigh.

>But not in a serious way though. It sounded like it was more of a relief, really.<p>

"I told you not to scare me like that, Nick."

"It wasn't all just for show. If that helps."

"Look, we'll do some research tomorrow. I think I know where we should go."

"You'll lead the way, carrots. But first, there's something we both have to do."

He stretched his arm out to reach the bedside lamp.

"What is it ?"

"Getting some sleep."

click

Finally, some relief. It seemed like that thing was gone anyway.

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Birds were singing, flowers were blooming, and leaves could be heard rustling in a light breeze.

>On days like these, the sky was always pretty clear.<p>

Only a few cars could be heard outside.

>Weekend mornings were usually pretty calm on this part of the city.<p>

A slice of sunlight went through the room's blinds, and touched the bunny's closed eyes.

"What ?! It's already morning ?!"

End
file.